The true Copy of a Paper ſtuck upon the D[illegible] of M[illegible]'s Gate at St. *James*'s, on *Saturday* laſt, being the Day of Her Majeſty's Acceſſion to the Crown.

Upon Duke of Marlborough. 11. March. 17-11/12

A *German* Prince of Noble Race,
A very ancient *Peer*,
No upſtart Traytor in diſgrace,
Doth now inhabit here.
A *Patriot* faithful to his Truſt,
Both Generous and Good,
Not rais'd by Treachery or Luſt,
Nor ſhedding any Blood.
Whoſe humble Spouſe we all admire,
The Nation's deareſt Minion,
Who to Wealth did not aſpire,
Nor abſolute Dominion.
For all Employments ſhe refus'd,
Of Honour and of Gain;
It's pity they ſhould be accus'd,
But ſoon reſtor'd again.
The *Sand ridge Baron* now doth ſtand
Like *Churchill* rais'd on *Ridge* of *Sand*.
A *Church ill* rais'd by Sin's aſſiſtance,
Suits with the *Doctrine* of *Reſiſtance*:
Yield but the leaſt *Reſiſtance* lawful,
Dread Majeſty's no longer awful,
And Government it ſelf do's ſtand
Like *Church ill* rais'd on *Ridge* of *Sand*:
For by the Rule (as wiſe Men tell)
Knaves get an *Inch*, they'l take an *Ell*;
And ſo proceed, by Sin's aſſiſtance,
On to *unlimited Reſiſtance*
But God who guards our Gracious *ANNE*.
Will ſmite the *Great Leviathan*.
Thus on their Heads Heav'n's *Vengeance* hurld
Shall quiſh the *Plunderers of the World*.
Good God of Peace hence ſcatter far
Thoſe *Plunderers* that delight in *War*,

Printed by *R. Mott* in *Alderſgatet-ſtreet*, 1712.

A